

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1864.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 33

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square is Twelve lines of this size—
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WINNING AND LOSING A WIFE.

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MAYSVILLE, FEBRUARY 4, 1864.

The Beautiful Snow.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,

Dancing,

Flitting,

Skimming along;

Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,

Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,

It plays in its glee with every one, *MARY CHASE*
Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by;

As she paces the floor, playing with a sprig of roses she had gathered from a saucy branch which fairly hung into the room, and singing softly to herself the door opened, and a ruddy faced old gentleman, armed and equipped with carpet-bags innumerable, made his appearance.

The stage is ready, Mary!

So soon, papa?

So soon! I should think it was timely—Here I've waited mortal half-hour in this savage place, where body can't so much as get a good cigar or a week old newspaper! I, for one, shall be glad to get away from it! Give me your traveling basket, my love—take care of the turn in the step! Here we are, safe inside—And away went the lumbering vehicle.

* * * * *

Hold on, driver, here's a pair of belated passengers for you!

The officiating John drew in his horse with a jerk, as a merry voice hailed him from the roadside.

Room for two, inside?

Just room, sir.

The door swung creaking on its hinges and closed again. Miss Vere's heart had involuntarily quickened its pulsations the moment, those clear, pleasant accents had chimed through the heavy nightair, and she was at this moment. Thus capriciously did Fate scatter her girl-blossoms over the face of this earth!

Why, boys! exclaimed the cheerful voice of Mr. Vere, who had just succeeded in collecting the bags, baskets and magazines which had been his traveling companions from New York, how on earth came you here?

Upon my word, sir, said Gordon, I was not aware we were fellow passengers!

Nearly a fortnight afterwards he chanced to meet Milbrooke, who had just been accompanying Miss Vere home from the most enchanting of greenwood picnics, and was now returning to secure some missing fan or parasol.

It's true that you are the acknowledged lover of the golden-haired Mary, said he, lightly. Well, Frank, accept my sincerest congratulations. But one thing I will insist on, my boy—if it hadn't been for that old bag with the stove in bonnet, I'd have entered the lists with you and given you a pretty even combat!

Milbrooke smiled—it was impossible not to do so.

And I'll tell you what, Frank, pursued the discomfited suitor, hereafter I intend to be extra polite to all the old women with umbrellas and camphor bottles, when I ride in stage coaches. I find it's a paying business.

A Plump Question.

The late General Sumner, about twenty

years ago was captain of a company of cavalry, and commanded Fort Atkinson, in Iowa.

One of his men, Billy G—, had received an excellent education, was of a good family, but an unfortunate habit of mixing

too much water with his whisky so reduced him in circumstances that out of desperation he enlisted. Captain Sumner soon discovered his qualifications, and as he was a good accountant and excellent peacock, made him his confidential clerk.

At times the old habit would overcome Billy's good resolutions, and a spree would be the result. Captain Sumner, though a rigid disciplinarian, disliked to punish him severely, and privately gave him much good advice (after a good sobering in the guard-house,) receiving in return many thanks and promises of amendment; but his sprees became more and more frequent.

One day, after Billy had been on a bender, the Captain determined on giving him a severe reprimand, and ordered Billy into his presence before he was fully sober. Billy came with his eyes all bloodshot and his head hanging down, when the Captain accosted him with:

Sir, you have been drunk again, and I want to say that this conduct must cease.

You are a man of good family, good education, ordinarily a soldier, neat, cleanly, and genteel in appearance, of good address, and a valuable man, yet you will get drunk.

Now I shall tell you, once for all, that—

Here Billy's eyes sparkled, and he interrupted his superior with:

Beg pardon, Captain, did you say that—

He—I was a man of good birth and education?

Yes, I did.

And that I was a good soldier?

That usually I—am neat and genteel?

Yes, Billy.

And that I am a valuable man?

Yes, but you will get drunk.

Billy drew himself up with great dignity and throwing himself on his reserved rights, indignantly exclaimed:

Well, now, Captain Sumner, do you really think Uncle Sam expects—to—to—to get all the cardinal virtues for twelve dollars a month?

They who think there is no vacuum in nature forget a coquette's heart and a beau's head.

Pompey, what for de President say, sir, said the old creature, in a tremulous voice, as he at length withdrew, but I know you're a good son to your mother.

There was no reply. The door was closed, and the ponderous vehicle slowly got into motion once more.

A Puzzles for the LADIES.—Below we give an ingenious puzzle for the ladies, with the inducement that if any young lady can solve it, she can have the exquisite pleasure of embracing and kissing our Devil!

“Then, read me that me.”

“Love is down will I have.”

“But that and you have, you’ll

“Que, and up, and you’ll.”

More sense has been whipped out of schoolboys than was ever whipped into them.

He who is wanting in politeness to the

oldest and humblest of my sex lacks respect for myself, reflected Miss Vere, with an instinctive straightening of her little form, and the man who treats the poor and aged with courtesy, is one of nature's priests.

There was no more puzzling of the little brains to decide the important question which had greatly perplexed her a short time before. She was quite certain now which of her two admirers she preferred:

Heigho! I must have been asleep, yawned old Mr. Vere, as the stage stopped in front of the Union Hotel, and his daughter gently reminded him that they two were the only remaining occupants of the cumbrous

coach.

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De Tocqueville, the most philosophical writer upon American affairs and institutions, says with truth: "If I were called upon to predict what will probably occur at some future time, I should say that the abolition of slavery in the South will, in the common course of things, increase the repugnance of the white population to the men of color." That two races so distinctly diverse will assimilate and fraternize is against nature.

The muskets that were imported during the first year of the rebellion are going back to Europe in large quantities. The steamer Bavaria took out 20,000 on her last trip. The speculators found they would not go off at satisfactory prices.

Monday (February 1st) was what is commonly known as "Ground-Hog Day," so called from an old German tradition, which states that the ground-hog comes out of his hole on the morning of this day, for the purpose of making prognostications in regard to the weather. "As the tale goes," he immediately returns to his winter quarters should he get a glimpse of his shadow, there to remain six weeks longer, and as the sun was shining Monday morning, the presumption is that his hogsip did not "stay out in the cold" very long, and that we shall have six weeks more of winter weather.

Speaking of the fate of the poor black freedman at the hands of Northern philanthropists. The Richmond Whig says: "Why should the black man fare better than the red man? A pet in slavery, he becomes a rival, an opponent, when free, and in the tumultuous tide of competition the iron pot will crush the earthen jug. There is no help for it. The winds that blow, the waters that roll, the inflexible laws of nature compel it."

Over \$18,000 was collected in the Roman Catholic Churches of Boston on Christmas day, for the benefit of the Catholic orphans.

A FINANCIAL WAR.—The war between the State and National banks is gradually ripening. The American Exchange Bank, of New York, has opened the ball and instructed its tellers to refuse the circulating notes of the First National Bank of Washington, which have made their appearance in small amounts.

A foreigner in Hartford wanted to escape the draft, and so took medicine to produce the dropsey. He escaped the draft, but died of dropsey.

Up to January 1, 1863, Central Park had cost New York city over seven millions dollars, but had increased the taxable valuation of the three adjoining wards nearly thirty millions.

They are catching negroes in Washington as fast as they can and vaccinating them.

One of the verdicts against New York city for riot damage is for the sum of \$55,000.

The sum of nearly four millions of dollars were expended in New York State upon the education of children in the public schools last year.

There is an excess of 37,615 females in Massachusetts above males.

Some disloyal wag proclaims the following: "When Lincoln Abolitionism uses up the last man and the last dollar, the query arises, what is to become of the bond holder?"

An ex-Governor who has lately visited Washington, says that "nearly all traces of good breeding have fled the city." How can that be, when we are told that three thousand mulatto babies have been born there since the accession of the present party to power?

"The Old Guard," edited by C. Chauncy Burr, and published monthly by Van Erie, Horton & Co., New York, at \$1.50 per annum, is a spicy monthly, and deserves a wide circulation. January No. contains an excellent steel plate, likeness of C. Godfrey Günther, Democratic mayor of New York.

France has 2,800 cotton factories—the United States only 90.

Alexander Cummings, the individual who made such a figure in the early days of the war, when unlimited funds were placed at his disposal, which he invested in straw hats and linen pantaloons, and finally left the Government \$250,000 worse and himself better off to a like amount—this honest and loyal man has been given a commission to go to Arkansas to raise colored troops. An appointment worthy to be made.

It now appears that the offence of Mr. Gwin, of Massachusetts, who had charge of the Bank note printing Department under Secretary Chase, consisted in furnishing paper and ink from his department to a counterfeiting establishment in New Jersey, from which the fraudulent postage currency was issued.

SILVER PLATED WARE!—CASTORS, SPOONS, FORKS, TABLE CUTLERY, etc., AT LOWEST CINCINNATI PRICES

R. ALBERT, 2d street.

Horrors of Military Despotism.

We print to-day, an official statement of the torture to which American citizens are subjected under the tyranny which is now predominant in the Northern States. The contemporary annals of Despotism professed—Russia, Austria, France—may be vainly searched for a parallel instance of cruel, remorseless oppression. If it were not abundantly confirmed, we should discredit the whole story. But the examination was made by Dr. Sayre, at the instance of Mayor Guither, of New York, and the Mayor himself after visiting the pen, affirmed the truth of all that Dr. Sayre has said. If revelations like this will not arouse the American people to overthrow the odious power of Black Republicanism, it becomes us all to lay aside our assumptions of manhood; to renounce our freedom wholly; and to pretend to no right of life, liberty, property, family, or reputation, save such as our Black Republican oppressors may graciously accord to us! American citizens!—Down on your knees! Put your hands on your mouths, and your mouths in the dust! Be slaves—serfs—bondmen—you and your posterity forever! Or else arise in the majesty of your power, assert and maintain your rights, at whatever hazard, and vindicate the liberty you inherited from your fathers at whatever sacrifice. These are the only alternatives. Choose ye between them.—Dayton Empire.

The best Government in the World—How it Manifests its Greatness—The black hole of Calcutta beaten—Horrors of the Middle Passage Exceeded.

Read the following official and sworn description of the atrocity which obtains in the Administration of the best Government in the world, when that Government is in Black Republican hands:

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1863.

To the Hon. C. Godfrey Günther, Mayor, and President of the Commissioners of Health:

Dear Sir: In obedience to your request of this date, I have visited the barracks in the Park, and present the following report:

The barracks on the Broadway are four hundred feet long, by thirty feet wide, under the charge of Capt. Hicks, who has three assistants to keep it clean. This is used as a sort of boarding house or hotel, for the various soldiers in their transit through the city to and from the seat of war. At the present time eight hundred men are accommodated there, independent of the Provost Guard, who occupy the lower portion of the barracks, and the number of which I could not ascertain.—The building is not constructed with sufficient regard to ventilation in cold weather or means of warming; and as they have but three assistants, it is impossible to keep it clean, with eight hundred men tramping out and in with snow and mud upon their feet.

It would require at least fifty men to do justice to the place; and in camp, under military discipline, it would take the whole eight hundred, as each man would be compelled to police his own quarters, as should be done, but here they are simply boarders or guests in hotel, to be waited on and cared for, instead of caring for themselves, and as the superintendent has no control over them, and as there is an entire absence of military discipline, some of the companies having no officers at all, as a matter of course the building is much more dirty than it should be, but it kept as neatly as can be done under the circumstances, with the amount of force employed; and unless the soldiers are compelled to police their quarters, the same as in camp, it will require, instead of three assistants, at least fifty, and these, by constant labor, would not more than do the work in muddy and wet weather.

Between these barracks and those on the Park Row side, are arranged the water closets, which were constructed for summer use only, and of course are entirely unfit for this cold weather, and absolutely require an entire reconstruction, as they are now constantly frozen up.

In the Park Row side, a small room for the officer in charge and the medical attendant is cut off from the lower corner of the building, embracing one-half its width and opening into the barracks.

Immediately behind this room a part is partitioned off, which the doctor very properly denominates the pen. This pen is fifteen feet wide, twenty feet long, eight feet high to the peak, and eight feet to the eaves, boarded up on three sides tightly, the fourth, which faces in the barracks, directly opposite an immense stove, which is heated to a red heat, is separated by slate four inches wide, and placed three inches apart.

In this fifteen by twenty there is not a bench, or stick of wood, or anything to sit on, not even a post to lean against, except the four perpendicular sides of the room.—There is not even straw to cover the floor, a hog or horse would have; but the accumulated filth of many months is the only thing that separates the inmates from the naked floor. In this pen are confined at the present time sixty-one men, and the officer in charge informed me that he had at one time as many as seventy-seven. Some of the men have been there from three to four months. They are thus imprisoned for various military offenses, breach of discipline and desertion—all huddled in this common pen, sick and well together. A guard is placed over them to prevent escape, and another guard is in waiting to accompany them to the water closet in the Park, one at a time. The other seventy-six must wait their proper turn, no matter how pressing the necessity, from dysentery diarrhea or other cause; and of course the result of such barbarity can better be imagined than described.

These men are fed through the bars, taking the meat and bread in their fingers, no knives or forks being allowed. Spoons are allowed once a day, when they have soup. No blankets are allowed them, unless they happen to have one themselves when placed there; and but few of them are so fortunate; they have therefore to lie upon the naked floor, with the exception of the accumulation of filth and mud before referred to.

The doctor informed me that by laying them upon their sides in spoon fashion and by close packing, putting the heads of one row on the bodies of the row in front, he could pack forty-five in the pen. The rest are now taken out and chained to trees until these forty-five have had some sleep, and then they were transferred.

The only mode of cleaning the apartment was by running in Croton water from a house through the slats, which forced the bones, pork shins, potato skins, etc., to the back and corners of the room, and, as it is nearly level, they remain there, and in some places are near an inch or two in depth.

The men are covered with lice and vermin, and the stench was almost unbearable. Dr. Blanvill, who was in attendance, and who is a kind-hearted, honest, faithful man, informed me that he had repeatedly reported the nuisance as graphically as possible to his superior officers, General Canby and General Dix, and demanded redress, but up to the present time without any avail.

General Dix himself personally visited this place a few days since, and can, therefore, certify to the accuracy of my description.

This pest hole is an outrage on humanity, a base disgrace to any nation, and ought not for one moment to be tolerated.

If the general government chose thus to let the Peace Democracy then organize in the different States, in counties and in neighborhoods. Let the organization be thorough, and when it is so, let its voice be heard in tones not to be disregarded, in favor of peace for the country. Blessed are the peacemakers, says the Bible, yet if they sit supinely and proclaim not their Peace principles they will be far from deserving the blessing.

A Peace candidate for President on a Peace platform would sweep through the country like a hurricane, yet with all the refreshing benefit of rain to vegetation upon the dry or parched earth. Peace candidates the country can have, if Peace men act up to their principles, not otherwise. If that sad misnomer, a War Democrat, be the nominee, upon a war platform, a change of rulers would be no change of policy, save that the war might be conducted with a little less atrocity. The War Democrats, in their support of the war, since President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, have adopted his views and do battle for his policy. They know and they feel that the war is waged to eradicate slavery in the States, and that for this purpose it is prolonged, and they support it. Can they then rid themselves of the crime of battling for the same object? We cannot see how it is to be done. The receiver is as bad as the thief, the man who urges his fellow men to deeds of violence, knowing them to be wrong, is worse than the deranged man who thinks them right. The end and object of the Abolitionists is to eradicate slavery, and for this object they trample the right of the States to manage their own domestic institutions in their own way, and with it the Constitution in the dust. This they could do without receiving aid and comfort from men calling themselves War Democrats, although most unworthy of the name of Democrat, ever a synonym of fidelity to the Constitution.

The duty of Peace men, then, is to organize, and thus to show their full force, not only to make themselves seen but felt in the great contest which is to win or to lose the Republic. Duty and patriotism of the highest nature and noblest kind prompt this course. If you have but one day, one hour to live, let that day, that hour be devoted to your country. The Peace party seeks to save the country, its adversaries to ruin it. Over the whole expanse of country—north, south, east, west—its advocates are numbered among the great and the good, the wise and the patriotic. They have the power to shape events to the accomplishment of good, if they but so will, and carry that will into execution. Organization, prompt and effectual organization, will secure the end they aim at, which will give peace to the people and prosperity again to the nation. Extend the circulation of Peace papers, that the people may have light, and darkness no longer cover the land as with a black pall.

These things done, the Peace men will then be able to shield the country and to save it; to sustain the Constitution as our fathers made it, and to restore that era of peace, good will to men, first proclaimed on the mountains of Judea when the Star of Bethlehem arose, and sung by an angel choir at the birth of the Prince of Peace.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—One of the recently published French works maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these deluges occurred about four thousand five hundred years ago; the next one is due in six thousand years more.

THE NEGRO WAR.—It is a singular fact that while the Abolitionists are pressing the war for the negro, and urging the slaves to rebellion against their masters, the first outbreak of revolt that has taken place, was between the negro soldiers of the United States and the Union troops at Fort Jackson, Miss. The revolt is said to have been of quite a serious nature, though it has been all hushed up.—West Chester Jeffersonian.

At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. Of these, 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6,000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In some cases the former possessor had reversed the usual order, placed the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

At the latest waif from Maximilian.—It will be observed, by reference to our teleggraphic news to-day, that Maximilian has at length fully made up his mind to sit down on the throne of Mexico. In other words, a scion of the hated House of Hapsburg is to be planted on the American continent. And the agreement between him and Napoleon doubles is, that Southern independence shall be consummated. Recent events, also, tend to establish the belief that our pusillanimous rulers, at the proper time, will bow themselves, and say amen! Having already craved upon their bellies and licked the dust, they will probably continue to do so all the days of their lives. The strength of our country has been wasted in a most unnatural and wanton conflict for the exclusive benefit of negroes and abolitionists, and now whence overtaken by insult and injury, it is helpless.

Our troops are being rapidly clothed. General Vance, of North Carolina, has kindly offered General Longstreet enough clothing to supply his command.

Captain Strother, of the Forty-ninth Virginia Cavalry, captured yesterday twelve Yankees, together with their arms, equipments and horses, near James City.

RESOLUTION IN VIRGINIA.—A member of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts regiment, attached to Gen. Meade's army, writes as follows:

I do not wonder that Virginia is desolate, for if you could have seen the way that the boards came into camp, you would have thought that Uncle Sam was running a saw mill for us. Old houses, fences, and finally a pretty new church which stood in a grove at the foot of Cedar Mountain, were torn down and the doors, windows, and every thing that was of any possible use to the construction of our houses, were brought in by our boys.

CHEAP LAMPS!—200 COAL OIL LAMPS OF EVERY SIZE AND STYLE AT FROM 50 CENTS TO \$6. CHIMNEYS, SHADES, WICKS, etc., at dec 17 R. ALBERT'S 2d street.

From the New York News.

Peace Men, Organize.

The time of meeting of the next Democratic National Convention has been fixed for the fourth of July next—the place, Chicago. Less than six months will intervene before the candidates will be in the field.

We believe the Peace element at this moment stronger than the War Democrats and Abolitionists combined, yet without organization they will let the power of the Government pass into the hands of those who will continue the war as a war of conquest and to eradicate slavery in the States. Let the Peace Democracy then organize in the different States, in counties and in neighborhoods. Let the organization be thorough, and when it is so, let its voice be heard in tones not to be disregarded, in favor of peace for the country.

It is becoming in the merchants of Cincinnati that they should recognize the valuable services thus rendered by Colonel Rand, and that a substantial testimonial in appreciation of this service be tendered his acceptance. Colonel Rand possesses a personal influence, a genius and energy with which to effect the accomplishment of great purposes rarely to be found among men, and it is to these distinguishing qualities our merchants are indebted for the signal service now rendered. Let this service be handsomely rewarded.

Raw cotton and castor oil are the infallible cure for frost-bitten limbs. It has restored them when amputation was thought necessary to preserve life. So says a correspondent of a Cincinnati paper.

Proclamation by "Uncle Abraham," for More Conscription!

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1864.—Ordered that a draft for five hundred thousand men to serve for three years or during the war, be made on the 10th day of March next for the military service of the United States, crediting and deducting therefrom so many as may have been enlisted or drafted into the service prior to the 1st of March and not herefore credited.

[Signed.] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Cool Snaps.

NEW ORLEANS.—A man getting a little brandy, inadvertently left himself out of doors one night, and was found frozen to death the next morning. His body was found stiffened in a form suggestive of a hand sled, and the boys were sliding down the hill on it until it can be identified.

MADISON, WIS.—It is so cold that people have to go out into the houses that they have to go out into the streets to keep from freezing to death. We have ice cream in our coffee every morning—can't get any other. Solid ice floats in the atmosphere, and ice men are laying in a stock of it. A neighbor of mine lowered himself into his well the other day to see how far down the mercury had got. He froze down there of course, and his afflicted family have used him for a bucket ever since.

MILWAUKEE.—Opticians are doing a very good business lengthening out thermometers. They make them seven stories high now. A man carelessly drank some water on Friday, (a rare occurrence here, by the way,) and nearly choked to death. A physician was called, who extracted an icicle from the man's throat measuring sixteen inches.

CLEVELAND.—The statue of Perry was frozen stiff on New Years' Day. It is thought that it will have to be amputated. Barber poles, signs, and no unfrequently lamp posts, were frozen off. The air is so cutting that in many cases it is used to chop up sausage meat. Physicians have advised citizens not to breathe it until the edge has been taken off in some way. A benevolent gentleman, named Elwood, is busy day and night taking the edge off. He has had to engage an additional bar tender, business is so brisk.

BUFFALO.—Coldest weather ever known to the oldest buffalo. Thermometers passing the most hardy and robust constitutions were terribly run down in a few hours. Great demand for buffalo robes. The telegraph is frozen up and messages have to be sent along the wires on skates.

GARRET DAVIS and his friends in Border States—Coldest weather ever known to the most hardy and robust constitutions in adhering to Lincoln. From the following declaration of his to Kentucky gentlemen he must now think his confidence has been misplaced: "Gentlemen, I am now satisfied that, since Lincoln has defined his war policy, your liberties are more dangerous under this government than under Jeff. Davis' government." Bangor Democrat.

At Gov. Miller, of Minnesota, was inaugurated on the 14th, and in his inaugural address said, "No hostile savage now finds a resting place within hundreds of miles of the settlements."

It is said that nobody now appears at the so-called Union meetings in New Orleans, except the northern disunion Abolitionists, who have been exported to that city by Mr. Lincoln. These wretches assemble, to the number of a few hundred, and call themselves the *State of Louisiana*—elect members to Congress, and perform other similar frauds and abominations, as they are instructed from Washington.

It is believed, from a reconnaissance, that the main force of the enemy has left Ringgold and Dalton, Ga., with the design of reinforcing Longstreet.

R. W. Templeton & Co., of Baltimore, offered for sale 200 farms in Maryland, "as beautiful and productive as ever the sun shone upon," for less than the improvements upon them cost. Their reduced value is in consequence of the chance from slave to free labor in that State.

Captain Gillum, of the Forty-eighth Kentucky, has surrendered Scottsville, Ky., to the Confederates under Hamilton. The conditions of the surrender, however, were not observed, and the rebels were informed that we did not consider the paroles binding.

The Examiner, of the 25th, says John Morgan will leave Richmond on Wednesday or Thursday next for Decatur, Georgia, where his command is assembling.

From the Home Journal.

AT SEA.

BY A. M. BROWN.

Mother, it is the Sabbath day—
A Sabbath morn at sea,
The storms roaring wild,
The waves are rolling high,
And in the distance kiss the sky;
Threatening thy child
With eternity.

And I have tried to pray,
And said, "O God, with faltering speech,
"Preserve me through the day;"
But my poor feeble prayer
Dies on the troubled air,

And my heart cries, Mother, pray.

Five hundred hearts are bowed in prayer;
There are kneeling supplicants everywhere;
To go to God I do not dare,

I've gone so far astray.
Up through the storm I've looked to heaven,
To catch one gleam of light

That bids me hope to be forgiven;
Should I now go to God in flight?

But oh, there is no gleam of light!
Mother, it is a fearful thing,

Forgetting how to pray;
The prayers you taught me when a child
I've often forgot to say;

Tis better for the heart should break,
Than to forget to pray.

Hark! hark! a shout of joy
Now trembles in the air;

Mother, the God who rules the storm

Has heard somebody's prayer;
The winds now lull—the waves go down—

Hope glimmers everywhere.

And see upon yon billow's crest,
In silver sheets the sun is lying;

The winds are sinking in the west,

And all our fears are dying—

There is a calm in every breast—

All eyes have ceased their crying.

Mother, when I've gained the land,
And held thy aged, trembling hand,

I'll kneel with thee to pray;

And oh, I'll bless the God on high,

Who drives the storm clouds from the sky;

And bids the waves in slumber lie;

For thou will teach me what to say.

At Sea, Sunday, Oct. 12, 1862.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—The annual auction of the pews in Beecher's (Plymouth) church to the highest and best bidder, took place on Tuesday evening last, in the holy precincts of the Temple. The chief priest was himself on hand. Such bartering and huckstering for prominent seats, and such a display of money changing, have never before been seen in a house of worship since Christ scoured a similar class of fellows out of the Jewish temple. The scene was a remarkable though by no means a novel one. It required no stretch of the imagination to believe that one was in a common auction room. There was the auctioneer, bland and pleasant. The pulpit was his temporary rostrum and he was surrounded by eager bidders and attentive clerks. The Plymouth board opened with great activity, and competition was warmly kept up during the evening. The results of the auction, it is reported, will scarcely be under thirty thousand dollars. The Wall street men had better look out; for here is a good chance for investment. Hudson river and the Erie railroad stock are as nothing to the stock of the Plymouth Association. Even gold speculators must stand aghast at the solidity of the Plymouth Rocks. Mr. Beecher may congratulate himself on having such a congregation; but hereafter he must never attempt to harangue them from the text. And to the poor the Gospel is preached. This would never do.—New York Herald.

A young fellow has as good a right to spoil a magazine full of essays in learning how to write, as an occultist has to spoil a hat-full of eyes in learning how to operate for cataract.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

ICE IN DIPHTHERIA.—We sometime since published an account of the cure of diphtheria, by the application of ice, small pieces of which were put in the mouth of the patient and allowed to dissolve. The French Revue Therapeutique, contains a paper by Dr. A. De Grand, Boulogne, late French Vice Consul at Havre, in which he mentions ice as an infallible specific, and cites several cases in which it was applied with success.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "President of the Woman's League," is out in the Tribune with a new appeal "to the women of the nation." She would be more profitably employed in looking after her patriotic husband and hopeful son, whose robberies of the government are fragrantly fresh in the public nostrils.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—A couple were engaged to be married the other day in Chicago, and every preparation was made to celebrate the nuptials, but the bridegroom did not appear. A messenger, however, brought the news to the waiting party that he had been drafted in New York and could not leave. The reply of the young lady was worthy the occasion. With tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her heart ready to burst with grief, she turned to the company and said: "I don't care a damn; there's plenty more men in the world, anyhow!"

GEORGE ARNOLD, member of Congress from the State of Illinois, says: "The devil has no bribe big enough to tempt Abraham Lincoln." Perhaps few men know more about the size of the devil's bribe than this man, Arnold. Who imagines that the devil has any idea of trying to bribe Lincoln? The most likely thing is, that Lincoln might set out to bribe the devil. Poor devil, he has no such printing press to make money as Lincoln has, and could not hold a candle to him in the bribery business.

In a report of the proceedings of an Agricultural meeting at Springfield, Ill., we find the following statement:

"A man who grew one hundred and thirteen bushels of Dutton corn per acre, had ears from twelve to fifteen inches in length."

With a wife the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more respected and useful, the merchant more industries, and the merchant gets better credit; in short, a man without a wife is no man at all."

From the Dayton Empire.
LOYALTY IN DOMESTIC LIFE.

Mr. Ferguson was staying out pretty late but that was nothing unusual, since the Loyalty League had been established. The government was in danger and had to be set up with. Mrs. Ferguson knew that her husband was loyal, and she was willing to forego many of the pleasures of domestic life, in order that Mr. Ferguson might have time to report to the League the result of his eves-droppings, as well as to hear from others of the treasonous conversation and conduct of the copperheads. Mrs. Ferguson took a lively interest in these important matters, and her husband never concealed from her the names of those among their neighbors who were supposed to be disloyal. She knew who "ought to be hung," and who "ought to be shot," just as well as he did, and they exchanged opinions on the subject with the utmost freedom. Mrs. Ferguson was satisfied that some startling development had been made in the league, for it was almost 2 o'clock, and no word of Mr. Ferguson. Nothing short of a tremendous copperhead conspiracy could explain his prolonged absence. But hark!—there is some one at the gate. She arises and goes to the window. Is that you, Erastus? Yes, S'r'ny, [sic] that's me—your own loyal Rastus—it's Mr. [sic] Ferg's'n, S'r'ny. Vallyang'm come in! H'm for Bruff—hells [sic] he's the stuff, S'r'ny. Why, my dear what's the matter? do come in. I am in, S'r'ny—I'm all right; I said V'lumigun couldn't come in—that's what's the matter! Where's the [sic] matched, S'r'ny? [sic] lights a candle, and Mr. F. continues I see they're up yet over at Plummers—cop [sic] heads are always up to see when loyal men come home! [Mrs. F. comes to the door with the candle.] Giv' in the house, you d—n copperhead! and mind your own business, you—Oh, Mr. Ferguson! Mr. Ferguson! how can you talk so to your poor wife? Scuse me, S'r'ny, I wasn't talking to you—it was Mrs. Plum [sic] I was talking to—did you think it was you, S'r'ny? I am chilled through, Mr. Ferguson—If you're chilled through, how d'ye think Mrs. Plummer [sic] stands it out of doors? You are mistaken my dear, Mr. Plummer hasn't been at the door at all. Wasn't ch—reckon I don't see her stand there yet hold'n the [sic] can't—watch'n us. Why, no, Erastus, it is me you see, holding the candle.—That's a fact—so it is—we've moved across the street, haven't we S'r'ny. No, no, Mr. Ferguson, you must certainly—You're right, S'r'ny, it's Plummer, that's [sic] moved—that's what's the matter! Oh, it is all, Mr. Ferguson—you've been drinking—oh, dear, did I ever think you would come to that? Hold on, [sic] hold on, Mrs. Ferguson's you slanderin' a good, loyal citizen—you must be walking in your sleep—you wouldn't talk so if you was awake.—Do you see what this is, Mrs. Ferguson?—No, no, I see enough, I—Hold on, Mrs. Ferguson, you [sic] mustn't use no treacherous language in my presence—that's the old flag, Mrs. Ferguson—that was [sic] presented 'me' night—that's what's the matter—and you mustn't [sic] insult it if you are asleep! Where'll I set this glorius old ban'r, S'r'ny, Plumm's can't see—it'll step out doors and stick it on the fence, while you're wakin' yourself up. I giv' in the vig [sic] higorous prosecution of the wopper [sic] hopper—copper heads, a'w I do, an' Mrs. Ferguson—Ferg's'n—Ferg's'n don't pers'ly apol'gise for bein' asleep last night, and not s'lated this nashl em'l, I'll sell out the trap on five dollars credit, for all sum over 6 months—that's what's the matter S'r'ny. [Mr. Ferguson fell on one side of the fence, and the Nashl em'l on the other. Mrs. F. doubtless apologised for her respectful sonnologism;—at all events, Ferguson has neither sold out nor enlisted.]

From the Hartford Times.

A Prophetic Advertisement.

We find the following advertisement in a Massachusetts paper of February, 1861. That was before Lincoln's inauguration.—How truthful and prophetic the words of this honest old farmer have now proved, in the terrible realities which have since transpired:

FOR SALE.

A FARM, containing ninety-five acres or more of good land, situated—or located—right in sight of Amherst College, within one and a quarter of a mile.

Also, one-half of a SAW MILL, situated at the mouth of Miller's River, in Montague.

If J. C. Breckinridge had been chosen President, my property would have been worth Eight Thousand Dollars; but now, since Lincoln has been chosen President, I don't know what it will bring; I want to sell out and go away. I want to go away from Abolitionism—away from Maine Lawism—away from Neal Dowism—away from Aristocracy. I want to go away from all Secessionism. I want to go in some country where men are kind to each other—where men love each other—where men are honest and honest to each other. I don't want to go into a country where men make Hobby Horses out of Abolitionism and Neal Dowism to ride into office on.

I want to go into a country where men feel as men felt about the time that Jefferson, Madison, Washington, Adams, and others, when they signed the Constitution of the United States. I want to go in some country where men feel as men felt about the time that Putnam, Warren, Washington and Stark signed the Declaration of Independence. I should love to go into some country and live with men that feel as the old, honest-hearted soldiers felt in the time of the American Revolution. I should love to go and live with them in their tents by night. I should love to stand up with them, shoulder to shoulder, on the battle-ground. I love the old, honest-hearted soldiers. I remember them with respect and esteem.

But alas! by faction and sedition the walls of Jerusalem fell; and by Abolitionism and Neal Dowism our walls (Union, liberty and the Old Constitution) will fall and crumble to the dust.

A voice from the South—a voice from the West—a voice from the East—a voice from the North—a voice from the four winds—already to begin to cry! Woe—Woe—Woe—to our Union—our Liberty—our Country and our Countrymen.

In civil war rich men and poor men will tumble together, and dead men will be piled up in heaps.

The Old Democrat wants to sell out and go away.

PORTER COWLES,
Hadley, Feb. 27th, 1861.

In a report of the proceedings of an Agricultural meeting at Springfield, Ill., we find the following statement:

"A man who grew one hundred and thirteen bushels of Dutton corn per acre, had ears from twelve to fifteen inches in length."

With a wife the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more respected and useful, the merchant more industries, and the merchant gets better credit; in short, a man without a wife is no man at all."

FRANK & COONS,
Attorneys at Law,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

PROMPT ATTENTION PAID TO COLLECTING.
JUNO 1862.

J. K. SUMRALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

WILL practice in the Courts of Mason and adjoining counties.

OFFICE—West side of Court Street.

Jan 15, 1862.

E. C. PHISTER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE ON THE WEST SIDE OF COURT ST.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

August 14, 1862.

REMOVAL!

LOUIS STINE would respectfully inform his customers and friends that he has removed to Cadwallader's Building, in the room formerly occupied by the Telegraph Office.

Fall and Winter Goods!

LOUIS STINE

MERCHANT TAILOR

AND GENTS FURNISHER,

SECOND STREET, MAYSVILLE, KY.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A

CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF ALL SEASONABLE GOODS

IN HIS LINE, WHICH IS PREPARED TO DISPOSE OF AT

THE LOWEST RATES FOR "CASU."

He solicits a call from his friends and pledges his best efforts to give Satisfaction.

October 1, 1862.

LOUIS STINE.

CRUSHED, Powdered and Granulated Sugar,

of best quality, in stores and for sale low by

BEN PHISTER,

Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

SYRUP.—Philadelphia and Baltimore Syrups,

in barrels, half barrels and 10 gal. kegs, for

sale low by

BEN PHISTER,

Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

TOBACCO of all grades and prices, for sale

By BEN PHISTER,

June 19

BY BEN PHISTER,

Cor. 3rd & Market streets.

VINEGAR of the best quality, for sale by

JUNE 19.

BEN PHISTER.

APPLE BRANDY—old and mellow of best

quality, in store and for sale by

JUNE 19.

BEN PHISTER.

FISH—Mackerel and White Fish, in barrels,

hf. barrels quarter barrels and kits, of best

brands for sale at lowest rates by

JUNE 19.

BEN PHISTER.

TEA—a very superior article, the best import-

ed, in store and for sale by

JUN 19.

BEN PHISTER.

ICE—the pure Carolina Rice, for sale by

JUNE 19.

BEN PHISTER.

CANDLES—Star & Sunburst Mould Candles

of best quality, at

BEN PHISTER'S

BROOMS,

A large supply of best quality, for sale by

MAR 5.

BEN PHISTER.

NEW MACKEREL.

21 BARRELS NO 1 MACKEREL;

20 Barrels No 2 do.

20 half barrels No 1 do.

20 " " 2 do.

25 Qu " 1 do.

25 Kts No 1 do.

25 "